Dear Harold,

I'm going apeshit. They now have me locked in a cage between two very real lunatics because I went apeshit and nearly killed that motherfucker Mrs. Floyd. I came so very close to giving her a tracheotomy with a ball point pen. Being locked in a cage between two raving lunatics and tormented and treated like a mad dog, is no fun. I'll KILL that bitch Floyd for running me ape shit and fucking with me while in this cage. She makes Marquis De Sade seem like the messiah. I'll kill that slut I swear.

Oh Christ! one of my lunatic neighbors is off going way this time. Hang in there while I hand her a lit cigarette through the bars. You'd be supised how that appeases these free nuts - not to mention my rattled nerves. Oh God damn - why me - fuck!

Leake's always been righteous by me and used to referee between me and Godzilla. Yes I remember 333 St. Charles Ave, quite well. Leake always liked and took up for me. Floyd and Godzilla ought to get together - they're a perfect match. Both asshole sadistic motherfuckers. I don't care if they keep me locked in this fucking cage until the statues of limitations runs out on my cases - when they let me out I'll track down Floyd and kill that bitch so bad that they'll need a vacuum cleaner to come in and pick up her pieces, I swear.

Well that about sums up the current happenings here. Write On, Pal!

Dave

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